

# THE MINERVA.

GET WISDOM, AND WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.—PROVERBS OF SOLOMON.

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VOL. I.

## POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN,  
SPANISH, AND ENGLISH.

Truth severe, by action direct.—GAY.

### HELEN DE TOURNON.

(From the French of Madame de Souza.)

It is singular to remark, observes the Editor of the London Literary Gazette, that the story of Helen de Tournon and the romance of Kenilworth relate to the same age; and we are justified in supposing, that while the mysterious *improvisatore* of the north was engaged in depicting the court of Elizabeth of England, the author of *Adèle de Senanges* was delineating the gay circles held at the Louvre by Catherine de Medicis, Marguerite de Valois, and Henri III. of France. But here the resemblance ceases; for, while the 'author of *Waverley*' throws open to us a gallery of cartoons in the rich, glowing, and glorious style of Rubens, Madame de Souza meekly invites us to view a series of cabinet pictures, in which we recognise with delight the truth and strength of Vandyke, united with the airy elegance of Watteau.

The Marquis de Varombon, who has been destined for the church, under the assurance of succeeding his uncle in the electorate of Treves, pays a visit to his elder brother, Monsieur de Balancon, at his chateau, near Namur, on the occasion of his recent marriage with the eldest daughter of Madame de Tournon, lady of honour to Marguerite de Valois. He there meets with Helen de Tournon, the younger sister of Madame de Balancon, who has been permitted by her mother to accompany the bride to her new home. Varombon becomes enamoured of Helen; and to the mortification of his selfish and ambitious brother, renounces his intention of taking holy orders. On hearing of the attachment of the youthful pair, Madame de Tournon, who has higher views, recalls her daughter, and introduces her at court, where she captivates the heart of Monsieur de Souvré, a noble minded courtier, whose high qualities, had she not known Varombon, would have inspired her with a more tender affection than friendship. Her first lover, who seems a compound of Hamlet and Othello, is wrought upon and abused by the joint artifices of Madame de Tournon and her son-in-law. One of the prime agents is a ruined Italian nobleman, who, in the character of an astrologer, finds favour with Catherine de Medicis, and becomes the depositary of many important state secrets. Another principal actor in the courtly scenes is the hero of Lepanto, the gallant Don Juan of Austria.

Marguerite de Valois, in a playful mood, had undertaken to procure Don Juan an opportunity to consult this redoubted magician. Being somewhat at a loss how she should fulfil the promise, she repaired to the queen mother; and, after endeavouring to amuse her with some court anecdotes, turned the discourse on the astrologer whom she had seen with her majesty, and stated that the prince wished to consult him. Catherine's countenance was inflamed with wrath. 'He, then, is aware of the curiosity to which I sometimes give way?' said she to her daughter, 'No doubt he amuses himself

with casting ridicule on a science whose depths he cannot fathom. Doubtless he has laughed at what his philosophy calls my weakness?' 'No one would dare do that in my presence,' replied Marguerite mildly, for she dreaded to irritate her mother; 'and I can assure you that Don Juan is inclined to believe.' 'I shall readily compel him,' retorted Catherine, with a menacing look, which made her daughter tremble. 'At what time would he see Fisiraga?' 'He would wish to see him on the last day which he is to pass here!' 'Very well, that last remembrance shall be the most durable. He goes away the day after to-morrow; to-morrow evening Fisiraga shall be with you; I will come also.' 'Could I not,' rejoined Marguerite, 'ere that time see this mysterious man, that he might tell me, whether any preparations require to be made for his reception?' 'I will send him to you,' answered Catherine. 'Meanwhile,' she added with a sneer, 'I imagine you will have little difficulty in convincing Don Juan, that it is ever a pleasure here to anticipate his wishes.'

Marguerite regretted that she had offended her mother by a blunder, which she saw, was extremely untoward. She feared she had compromised her, by exposing her to the pleasantries which Don Juan might vent on her credulity. What would be said abroad, if he were to tell, that in France queen Catherine and herself had procured him an interview with a caster of horoscopes? She reflected, but too late, that the murmurs of disappointed minds are often less dangerous than the indiscreet sallies of thoughtless gaiety. As soon as the queen of Navarre had retired, Catherine sent for Fisiraga to come and speak with her instantly. She was vexed that Don Juan should deem her susceptible of weakness; and she resolved to terrify, or at least to astonish him so much, as to make him participate her superstitious fears. She considered the science of Fisiraga adequate to her anxious inquiries into futurity; but she did not think proper to trust to it entirely, at a conjuncture in which she had, at the same time, to defend her political interests, and to avenge her offended pride.

When Fisiraga came, she immediately imparted to him every thing concerning Don Juan. 'I leave prediction to your proficiency,' said she, 'but the knowledge of the past belongs to me; it will become the sure basis of an implicit belief, when he interrogates you respecting the time to come.' Catherine had agents in foreign courts, who reported to her the progress even of the most secret intrigues. She communicated to Fisiraga all that was necessary for him to know, in order that he might quell the presumptuous spirit of Don Juan. Fisiraga eagerly listened to the disclosures of the irritated Catherine; but his transcendent mind saw far beyond the things which it was her intention to impart to him. No one ever applied himself more skilfully to the calculation of probabilities, when the data of character, condition, and circumstance, were laid before him.

A brilliant education, a lofty and sonorous style of speaking, a sincere belief in supernatural intelligences, were, in reality, the magic that gave him a dominion over Catherine, which she herself believed to be preternatural. The superstitious

spirit of the age had ruined Fisiraga, but it confirmed his power. The queen of Navarre also pre-instructs the astrologer, whose thoughts were directed solely to the means of mitigating the miseries of Monsieur de Varombon. He imagined that he might, perhaps, see Mademoiselle de Tournon with the queen, if he could contrive to attract to the interview several ladies of the court. He told her that to ensure the conviction of Don Juan, it would be desirable that she should on the same day cause him to be consulted in presence of that prince, by persons who, from eager curiosity, might wish to know their destiny.

He succeeded beyond his hopes; for this idea afforded Marguerite additional pleasure; she was amused at the thought of seeing Helen interrogate the magician. Her youth, her artlessness, the terror she had betrayed on the preceding day when listening to those marvellous stories, rendered her most apt to receive all impressions which others might wish to make on her; and her fears would not fail to augment the astonishment of Don Juan. 'I promise you,' said Marguerite, 'that I will invite the fairest of ladies to interrogate you. Besides,' added she, in the heedlessness of her lively imagination, 'Mademoiselle de Tournon will be already persuaded.—At these words Fisiraga looked gravely at the queen, and ventured to interrupt her. 'I will not, madam,' said he, 'either hear the name, or know the person whom you wish that I should see.' He begged permission to retire, and left Marguerite greatly surprised at his refusal of those explanations, which might have rendered his predictions more exact.

Varombon with great difficulty prevailed on his friend Fisiraga to let him be his companion, in the disguise of an attendant; and is by his contrivance scented behind the arras, when the visitors entered, and Fisiraga was introduced to Don Juan. The court took their stations at a distance from the table near which the prince and the magician took their seats. Fisiraga looked at Don Juan long and steadfastly; his eyes seemed to penetrate his very soul. At length he demanded if he might tell him the whole truth? 'The whole, until I give orders to the contrary,' said the prince. 'That tone of authority roused the rebellious spirit which agitated Fisiraga. 'Well, then,' said he, 'you are here without the consent of an anxious and suspicious power, jealous of your glory. That power sent you into the Netherlands to pacify them, not to conquer them. It will deem itself vanquished at every victory you gain over your enemies. Beware not to displease it. Tremble to serve it. Ill success will be an injury; your triumphs will be crimes. This morning you laid the foundation of a plot. You have been offered the hand of a widowed queen, who is young and beautiful; you will not obtain it. Imprisonment, abduction, intestine wars, are the thoughts which agitate your soul.' These words gave Don Juan a shock so violent as to be observable by all. Fearing that the discourse of Fisiraga, though addressed to him alone, might be overheard, he begged him to lower his voice.

How could Don Juan help being struck with amazement! The very day before, the Duke de Guise had signed a league

with him. He had proposed to him to land in England for the purpose of carrying away Mary Stuart from prison: he had flattered him with the hope of obtaining her hand, in case he should succeed in re-establishing her on the throne, by the aid of her numerous and zealous partisans in England and Scotland. These important projects, which Don Juan supposed to be wholly unknown, had been revealed to Catharine by a lady who possessed the entire confidence of the Duke of Guise; and Fisiraga detailed them as well to serve the policy of Catherine as to maintain his reputation for the marvellous.

As soon as the prince had desired him to lower his voice, the magician felt assured of his dominion. After tracing to Don Juan the picture of his past life, he conjured him in a solemn and prophetic tone, to avert the fate which awaited him. 'Your most secret intentions are known,' said he. 'The impatient desires of a noble ambition will expose you to inevitable danger.' Fisiraga menaced him with a terrible futurity. He saw him daily exposed to new attacks, and the hand of death at length snatching him away in the bloom of his youth and glory. Catharine, who observed all the movements of Don Juan, remarked that he questioned Fisiraga with anxiety. She congratulated herself on her success in alarming the imagination of the prince, and enjoyed the trouble with which she agitated his soul. Suddenly Fisiraga was heard to exclaim, 'Do you remember Don Carlos and Elizabeth of France?' At these words Don Juan was struck with secret horror; he rose up, saying, 'Enough enough; I will see you again!' He took refuge by the side of Marguerite, without recovering sufficient calmness to answer the questions which she put to him.

All eyes were fixed on Don Juan: his emotion astonished the most daring, and alarmed the credulous. Mademoiselle de Tournon contemplated him with a feeling that scarcely permitted her to breathe. So great, so brave a prince, could he attach credit to preternatural revelations? Helen's mind rejected them, but her heart unwillingly believed in them. Fisiraga gave the finishing blow to her already vacillating reason, by saying, with a loud voice, 'Let her who has received a ring of death as a token of alliance, come and listen to me.' Helen took this to herself. Terror suddenly possessed her soul; she forgot the court and her mother. She rose, and traversed the room with a slow step to approach Fisiraga. Madame de Tournon called her back; her daughter heard her not; even Marguerite was astonished; the court seemed uneasy. Monsieur de Souvré darted forward to detain her; he conjured her to stop. She extended her hand, and motioned him to remain where he was. The pale and solemn mien of Mademoiselle de Tournon subdued him in spite of himself. He dared not contravene her orders, but he kept his eyes on her, and cursed these horrible superstitions.

Helen stood near Fisiraga; he pitied the trouble which oppressed her. Yet he said to her in a low tone, 'I speak to you in the name of him who is to be the arbiter of your destiny. Woe be to you if you betray his love.' He took a mirror and held it before Helen, who uttered a scream on perceiving the features of



Monsieur de Varambon, exhibiting a furious and menacing look. A deadly chillness stole upon her heart; her eyes no longer distinguished any thing; her limbs trembled. Monsieur de Souvré rushed forward and received her in his arms. She recognised his voice, and needing, as she did, a support, she pronounced his name in an imploring tone. "Take me hence," said she, "I feel I am dying." He bore her near the queen of Navarre, placed her in an arm-chair, and threw himself at her feet. He watched with trembling anxiety to see if her colour returned, and if her life were renewed to revive him. Madame de Tournon, alarmed at this scene, repelled Monsieur de Souvré: "See you not," said she, "that all eyes are on us? Leave my daughter and retire."—Ah! Madam," said he, "deign to call me your son; and let me watch over Mademoiselle de Tournon." "Yes," replied Marguerite, who wished by publicity to render this engagement irrevocable. "Yes, she alone was worthy to be your happy wife."—At these words, Esiraga could no longer restrain himself; he exclaimed, "Woe! woe!" and disappeared to succour his friend.

In the end, after a variety of conflicts, Souvré, who had almost believed that Helen loved him, is at length painfully undeceived; but he heroically resolves to promote her union with the object of her affections, in which he is successful.

#### THE FORCE OF LOVE.

Aganippus, king of Argos, dying without heirs male, bequeathed his throne to his only daughter, the beautiful and beloved Daphnes. This female succession was displeasing to a nobleman who held large possessions on the frontiers; and he came for the first time towards the court, not to pay his respects to the new queen, but to give her battle. Doracles (for that was his name) was not much known by the people. He had distinguished himself for as jealous an independence as a subject could well assume; and though he had been of use in repelling invasion during the latter years of the king, had never made his appearance to receive his master's thanks personally. A correspondence however was understood to have gone on between him and several noblemen about the court; and there were those who, in spite of his inattention to popularity, suspected that it would go hard with the young queen, when the two armies came face to face.

But neither these subtle statesmen, nor the ambitious young soldier Doracles, were aware of the effects to be produced by a strong personal attachment. The young queen, amiable as she was beautiful, had involuntarily baffled his expectations from her courtiers, by exciting in the minds of some a real disinterested regard, while others nourished a hope of sharing her throne instead. At least, they speculated upon becoming each the favourite minister; and held it a better thing to reign under that title and a charming mistress, than be the servants of a master wilful and domineering. By the people she was adored; and when she came riding out of her palace on the morning of the fight, with an unaccustomed spear standing up in its rest by her side, her diademed hair flowing a little off into the wind, her face paler than usual, but still tinted with its roses, and a look in which confidence in the love of her subjects and tenderness for the wounds they were going to encounter, seemed to contend for the expression;—the shout which they sent up would have told a stouter heart than a traitor's that the royal charmer was secure.

The queen, during the conflict, remained in a tent upon an eminence, to which the younger leaders vied who should spur up their smoking horses to bring her good news from time to time. The battle was short and bloody. Dora-

cles soon found that he had miscalculated his point; and all his skill and resolution could not set the error to rights. It was allowed, that if either courage or military talent could entitle him to the throne, he would have had a right to it; but the popularity of Daphnes supplied her cause with all the ardour which a lax state of subjection on the part of the more powerful nobles might have denied it. When her troops charged, or made any other voluntary movement, they put all their hearts into their blows; and when they were compelled to await the enemy, they stood as inflexible as walls of iron. It was like hammering upon metal statuary; or staking their fated horses upon spears riveted in stone. Doracles was taken prisoner. The queen, reissuing from her tent, crowned with laurel, came riding down the eminence, and remained at the foot with her generals, while the prisoners were taken by. Her pale face kept as royal a countenance of composed pity as she could manage, while the commoner rebels passed along, aching with their wounded arms fastened behind, and shaking back their bloody and blinding locks for want of a hand to part them. But the blood mounted to her cheeks, when the proud and handsome Doracles, whom she now saw for the first time, blushed deeply as he cast a glance at his female conqueror, and then stepped haughtily along, handling his gilded chains as if they were an indifferent ornament. "I have conquered him," thought she; "it is a heavy blow to so proud a head; and as he looks not unamiable, it might be politic as well as courteous and kind in me to turn his submission into a more willing one." Alas! pity was helping admiration to a kinder set of offices than the generous-hearted queen suspected. The captive went to his prison, a conqueror after all; for Daphnes loved him.

The second night, after having exhibited in her manners a strange mixture of joy and seriousness, and signified to her counsellors her intention of setting the prisoner free, she released him with her own hands. Many a step did she hesitate as she went down the stairs; and when she came to the door, she shed a full, but soft, and as it seemed to her, a willful and refreshing flood of tears, humbling herself for her approaching task. When she had entered she blushed deeply, and then turning as pale, stood for a minute silent and without motion. She then said, "Thy queen, Doracles, has come to show thee how kindly she can treat a great and gallant subject, who did not know her;" and with these words, and almost before she was aware, the prisoner was released and preparing to go. He appeared surprised, but not off his guard, nor in any temper to be over grateful. "Name," said he, "O queen, the conditions on which I depart, and they will be faithfully kept." Daphnes, moved her lips, but they spoke not. She waved her head and hand with a deadly smile, as if freeing him from all conditions; and he was turning to go, when she fell senseless to the floor. The haughty warrior raised her with more impatience than good will. He could guess at love in a woman, but he had but a mean opinion of both it and her sex; and the deadly struggle in the heart of Daphnes did not help him to distinguish the romantic passion which had induced her to put all her past and virgin notions of love into his person, from the commonest liking that might flatter his soldierly vanity.

The queen, on awakening from her swoon, found herself compelled, in very justice to the intensity of a true passion, to explain how pity had brought it upon her. "I might ask it," said she, "Doracles, in return;" and here she resumed something of her queen-like dignity; "but I feel that my modesty will be sufficiently saved by the name of your wife; and a substantial throne, with a promise that nothing shall perplex or interfere

with thee, I do now accordingly offer,—not as the condition of thy freedom, but as a diversion of men's eyes and thoughts from what they will think ill in me, if they find me rejected." And in getting out that hard word, her voice faltered a little, and her eyes filled with tears.

Doracles, with the best grace his lately defeated spirit could assume, spoke in willing terms of accepting her offer. They left the prison; and his full pardon being proclaimed, the courtiers, with feasts and entertainments, vied who should seem best to approve their mistress's choice; for so they were quick to understand it. The late captive, who was really as graceful and accomplished as a proud spirit would let him be, received and returned all their attention in princely sort; and Daphnes was beginning to hope that he might turn a glad eye upon her some day, when news was brought her that he had gone from court nobody knew whither. The next intelligence was too certain. He had passed the frontiers, and was leaguely with her enemies for another struggle.

From that day, gladness, though not kindness, went out of the face of Daphnes. She wrote him a letter without a word of reproach in it, enough to bring back the remotest heart that had the least spark of sympathy; but he only answered in a spirit which showed that he regarded the deepest love but as a wanton trifle. That letter touched her kind wits. She had had a paper drawn up, leaving him her throne in case she should die; but some of her ministers, availing themselves of her enfeebled spirit, had summoned a meeting of the nobles, at which she was to preside in the dress she wore on the day of victory; the sight of which, it was thought, with the arguments which they meant to use, would prevail upon the assembly to urge her to a revocation of the bequest. Her women dressed her, while she was almost unconscious of what they were doing, for she had now begun to fade quickly, body as well as mind. They put on her the white garments edged with silver waves, in remembrance of the stream of Inachus, the founder of the Argive monarchy; the spear was brought out, to be stuck by the side of the throne, instead of the sceptre; and their hands prepared to put the same laurel on her head, which bound its healthy white temples, when she sat on horseback, and saw the prisoner go by. But at sight of its twisted and withered green, she took it in her hand; and looking about her in her chair with an air of momentary recollection, began picking it, and letting the leaves fall upon the floor. She went on thus, leaf after leaf, looking vacantly downwards; and when she had stripped the circle half round, she leaned her cheek against the side of her sick chair; and, shutting her eyes quietly, so died.

The envoys from Argos, went to the court of Calydon, where Doracles then was; and bringing him the diadem upon a black cushion, informed him at once of the death of the queen, and her nomination of him to the throne. He showed little more than a ceremonious gravity at the former news; but could ill contain the joy at the latter, and set off instantly to take possession. Among the other nobles who feasted him, was one who, having been the particular companion of the late king, had become like a second father to his unhappy daughter. The new prince observing the melancholy which he scarcely affected to repress, and seeing him look up occasionally at a picture which had a veil over it, asked him what the picture was that seemed to disturb him so, and why it was veiled. "If it be the portrait of the late king," said Doracles, "pray think me worthy of doing honour to it, for he was a noble prince. Unveil it, pray. I insist upon it. What! am I not worthy to look upon my predecessors, Phorbas?" And at these words, he frowned impatiently. Phorbas, with

a trembling hand, but not for want of courage, withdrew the black covering? and the portrait of Daphnes, in all her youth and beauty, flashed upon the eyes of Doracles. It was not a melancholy face. It was drawn before misfortune had touched it, and sparkled with a blooming beauty, in which animal spirits and good nature contended for predominance. Doracles paused, and seemed struck. "The possessor of that face," said he, inquiringly, "could never have been so sorrowful, as I have heard!"—"Pardon me, Sir," answered Phorbas; "I was as another father to her, and knew all." "It cannot be," returned the prince. The old man begged his other guests to withdraw awhile, and then told Doracles how many fond and despairing things the queen had said of him, both before her wits began to fail and after. "Her wits to fail!" murmured the king: "I have known what it is to feel almost a mad impatience of the will; but I knew not that these—gentle creatures, women, could feel for such a trifle." Phorbas brought out the laurel-crown, and told him how it was that the half of it became bare. The impatient blood of Doracles mounted, but not in anger, to his face; and breaking up the party, he requested that the picture might be removed to his own chamber, promising to return it.

A whole year however did he keep it; and as he had no foreign enemies to occupy his time, nor was disposed to enter into the common sports of peace, it was understood that he spent the greatest part of his time, when he was not in council, in the room where the picture hung. In truth, the image of the once-smiling Daphnes haunted him wherever he went; and to ease himself of the yearning of wishing her alive again and seeing her face, he was in the habit of being with it as much as possible. His self-will turned upon him, even in that gentle shape. Millions of times did he wish back the loving author of his fortunes, whom he had treated with so clownish an ingratitude; and millions of times did the sense of the impotence of his wish run up in red hurry to his cheeks, and help to pull them into a gaunt melancholy. But this is not a repaying sorrow to dwell upon. He was one day, after being in vain expected at council, found lying madly on the floor of the room, dead. He had torn the portrait from the wall. His dagger was in his heart; and his cheek lay upon that blooming and smiling face, which had it been living, would never have looked so at being revenged.

#### THE ABSENT MAN.

A gentleman, whose name begins with a B, visited lady H. who resided in Edinburgh, about the hour of dinner, that is to say, near five o'clock. "It was in dark November," He entered the room in his riding dress, and said, that he intended, that evening, to set out for London.

As her ladyship knew that Mr. B. was a man who had passed great part of his life in study, and had acquired such a redundancy of discordant ideas that he sometimes acted like an idiot, she was fearful if he began a journey at so late an hour, some accident might happen to him; she, therefore, pressed him to stay dinner, thinking, perhaps, that the guests at her table would chain down his attention, and with it his person, for the evening. With this request, after an apology for his boots, he complied. The company assembled; he met several of his friends; talked of his own works; was in high spirits; and seemed to enjoy the conviviality of the party.

While every thing was proceeding with such harmony and decorum, the first course was removed; and, during the hiatus this operation occasioned, a gentleman, at the lower end of the table, unfortunately happened to ask Mr. B. if he had read the work lately published by lord Fire-



brand? At the sound of his lordship's name he started, and exclaimed, "read it, yes! It is a work calculated to illuminate the minds of the sixteen; and I now recollect that I was to have dined with his lordship, in private, this day, in order to give him my opinion of it. Perhaps he now waits for me with all the impatience of a young author. I have some vivifying touches for a second edition, and must positively fly to communicate them."

This declaration threw the company into some confusion, especially as the gentleman that uttered it was about to leave the room. Her ladyship was, upon this occasion, too nimble for him; for she got betwixt him and the door, and in that situation demanded a parley, in the course of which she so effectually explained to him the impossibility of his reaching the mansion of the peer in time to keep his engagement, that he agreed to send his servant with a note, in which he purposed to state, that so charmed was he with his lordship's sublime effusion of genius, that he must read it, at least, a dozen times more before he should be able fully to understand its various literary beauties; and having dispatched this or a similar apology, which the "ready coinage" of his brain, he had no doubt, would supply, returned to the parlour, and finished his dinner in comfort.

Where now was the writing-table and stand? The servants at last recollected, that in order to clear the rooms for company, they had removed them into her ladyship's bed-chamber, and as our northern fair retain many of the customs which a long intercourse with France introduced, his noble hostess showed no hesitation in desiring him to go thither to write his note.

Mr. B. ascended the staircase, placed the candle upon the table, drew an elbow chair towards it, sat himself down, gaped, and looked around. Every literary production requires some study; his ideas upon the subject of his note had evaporated; he reclined his head upon his hand to endeavour to condense them; and had not continued in this attitude five minutes, before the purpose for which he came was entirely out of his mind. Whilst he was thus labouring to recall his dissipated thoughts, he cast his eyes upon her ladyship's elegant bed. He was fatigued and sleepy, therefore very wisely concluded that he had retired for the night; and with great expedition disencumbered himself of his boots, threw off his clothes, extinguished the light, jumped into the said bed, and in a short time was fast locked in the arms of Somnus, or, to speak less metaphorically, in a state of profound repose.

The guests in the parlour, in the meantime, finished their dinner; and although Mr. B. was often mentioned, yet so much had the business before them engaged their attention, that they readily accepted the apology which a gentleman made for him, who observed, that such was his odd turn of mind, he should not wonder if, instead of writing a note, he was now on his journey to London. "On his journey to London?" said my lady, "impossible!"

The servant's report, however, whom she sent to search for him, seemed to confirm the truth of the gentleman's suggestion. The chamber he affirmed was vacant; he had taken a peep into it, and all was silence and darkness. It was certain that the bird had escaped. The company shook their heads, said something about great genius, but took no further notice of the absence of their friend.

The bottle was now circulated. Their Majesties and family, health and friends, had gone round, and the ladies thought it time to retire for a little private conversation. Lady H. conducted them to the bed-chamber, where, to their astonishment, as soon as they entered, one of them stumbled over a pair of boots, another espied the elbow-chair occupied by a coat

and waistcoat, while her ladyship's feet were entangled in a tregment to which the refinement of the age has given the appellation of *small clothes*. At first, as may be supposed, they were concerned for the safety of the owner of the drapery thus scattered about the floor, but a moment convinced them, without reason; for, looking between the curtains, they discovered him in the state of composure that has been mentioned.

There were too many Dianas to contemplate one Endymion, or, to descend from our classical stilt, this was not a sight for ladies; they turned their eyes from it, and flew into the parlour, where they gave the alarm to the gentlemen, who were, many of them, fox-hunters; and, if a judgment might be formed from the number of *dead men* under the side-board, had done much business in little time.

Nothing could have happened more opportunely. The company, in high glee, assembled round the bed, and, after some gentle efforts to rouse its dormant inhabitant had been tried without success, they opened upon him at once with the view halloo. This alarmed him, and probably the whole neighbourhood, but could not be said to bring him to his senses; for, as he has since informed a friend, he was dreaming of the hunters recorded in ancient story, Nimrod, Hercules, Cadmus, and Theseus, and thinking that the hounds of Sparta were pursuing him, he leaped out of bed, and capered round the room *en cuerpo*, to the great amusement of the company, whose loud and repeated peals of laughter shook the house. Fearful, however, of carrying the jest too far, one of them, who happened to be of the faculty, ordered him to be confined to the elbow-chair, and took such methods to recall his scattered ideas as were, at least attended with the desired effect.

Mr. B. awaked, stared about him, and, when convinced of the oddity of his conduct, and impropriety of his situation, he instead of endeavouring to excuse himself, huddled on his clothes, flew out of the room, called for his horse, and was some miles advanced on his journey to Glasgow before he recollected that he wanted to compliment Lord Firebrand upon his literary *morceau*, and then make the best of his way to London. It was now too late to return; therefore it fortunately occurred to him that the mansion of Mr. Mac Syllogism was situated near the spot upon which he had called a council with his own thoughts, and that the wisest thing he could do, in his present situation, would be to ride up to the door and entreat a night's lodging.

Hospitality is a northern virtue. The whole family seemed rejoiced to see him, and so anxious to render his situation agreeable, that Mr. B. had never been in a place more congenial to his feelings, or more at home. He passed his mornings with his friend in the library, in disquisitions into ancient metaphysics; in endeavours to prove that the animal *Orang Outang* is, to all intents and purposes, a man; in praises of the Egyptians; in attempts to revive the doctrine of Pythagoras; and in inventing a new intellectual system. His evenings he dedicated to cards and conviviality: in short, he found himself so agreeably circumstanced, that a fortnight had elapsed without the idea of moving having ever once entered his head.

Memory, which Plutarch, in opposition to a well-known adage, terms "the mother of the Muses," had so totally forsaken her son Mr. B., that his complimentary visit, his London journey, his private affairs, and his northern connexions, were all equally buried in oblivion, and probably would have continued so much longer, had not the idea of them been revived by the appearance of a servant, whom he knew to be his own, riding furiously into the court-yard, and in the

utmost trepidation inquiring of the family domestics, if they had seen his master?

"Seen him?" replied the butler, "yes! I have had that pleasure every day for this fortnight past, and you may now partake of it, for he is entering the Hall." "Oh, Sir! how glad I am that you are found!" "Found?" said Mr. B.: "Sure the fellow's brain is turned: How the devil came you to think I was lost?" "It was my Lady thought so," replied the servant: "She has been almost distracted at your absence. Messengers have long been sent to seek you in London, Bath, every where: you have been described in the papers; cried at the market cross; and inquired for all over the country!"

The gentleman at this gave a start, as if recollecting something of importance. "Man," said he, "in his no-made state, as my friend has just been explaining" Mrs. Mac Syllogism, who now joined the group, interrupted him by exclaiming, "Your wife, Mr. B! are you married?"

"I am, Madam," he replied, "I now perfectly well call to mind that event; it took place a few days before I set out upon this excursion." "It is strange," said the lady, "that you should forget your happiness." "Not at all, Madam, some men forget even their misery. Bernardus Florentinus had a lapse of memory still more important, he forgot his Greek. I could give you a hundred instances of absence of mind in men who have been luminaries of science. I might begin with Menes or Ashur, but, as time is precious, I shall go no higher than Socrates."

"Oh!" said the lady smiling, "as you have well observed that time is precious, I will, at present, take your word for the whole, lest while you are endeavouring to recollect particular instances of want of memory in ancient legislators and philosophers, you should again forget Mrs. B." "I am much obliged to you, Madam, for this indulgence," he replied; "I will fly to console my dear lady, whom I will soon have the honour of introducing to you; for, although I may forget many things, the happy hours I have spent in your society and that of my learned friend, will never be erased from my memory."

Saying this, he mounted his horse, and set off with an expedition which seemed to promise a speedy arrival at the place of his destination, to which, I have been informed, his servant, who, upon this occasion, acted as a pilot, had the good fortune to steer him, without suffering him to run out of his course, or diverge into further eccentricities.

## THE GLEANER.

And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh  
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues  
Talk of Court News; and we'll talk with them too,  
Who loaves and who wins; who's in and who's out;  
And take upon us the mystery of things,  
As if we were God's spies. SHAKESPEARE.

### Historical notices of Ladies' Dresses.

—About the year 1700 the ladies wore Holland petticoats embroidered in figures with different coloured silks and gold, with broad orrices at the bottom. Muffs were at this period in use but very different in shape and materials from those of the present day, being in general very small, and frequently made of leopard skin. Diamond stomachers adorned the Ladies' bosoms, which were composed of that valuable stone set in silver, in a variety of figures, upon black silk, and which must be admitted to have been a brilliant, if not elegant ornament. Satin gowns were lined with Persian silk; and handkerchiefs, and Spanish leather shoes lined with gold, were common with persons of respectability. To these different articles the Ladies added bare-necks, with gold and other crosses suspended from them. Those odd little circular pieces of black silk called *paches*, prevailed also at this period to a most extravagant degree. These were stuck on different

parts of the female face, and varied in size. —In 1709 a Lady's dress is thus described in an advertisement to recover one that was lost:—"A black silk petticoat, with a red and white calico border; a cherry-coloured stays, trimmed with blue and silver; a red and dove-coloured damask gown, flowered with large trees; a yellow satin apron, trimmed with white Persian; muslin head cloths, with crows-foot edging; double ruffles, with fine edging; a black silk furbelow scarf, and a spotted hood." In 1711 a Lady's riding-dress is advertised for sale in the *Spectator*, of blue camblet, well laced with silver, being a coat, waistcoat, petticoat, hat, and feathers. And another advertisement in 1712, mentions an *habella*-coloured *fincoln*, gown, flowered with green and gold; and a dark coloured cloth gown and petticoat, with two silver orrices; a purple and gold *atlas* gown, a scarlet and gold *atlas* petticoat, edged with silver; a wrought under petticoat, edged with gold; a black velvet petticoat; *allegah* petticoat, striped with green, gold, and white; a blue and silver silk gown and petticoat; a blue and gold *atlas* gown and petticoat, and clogs, laced with silver.—A Mrs. Beale, at the same period, advertised her loss of a green silk knit waistcoat, with gold and silver flowers all over it, and about fourteen yards of gold and silver thick lace on it; with a petticoat of rich strong flowered satin, red and white, all in great flowers or leaves, and scarlet flowers with black specks broadened in, raised high, like velvet or shag.

The Ladies wore hooped petticoats, scarlet cloaks and masks, when walking. The hoops were fair game for the wits, and they spared them not:

"An elderly Lady, whose bulky squat figure, By hoop, and white damask, was rendered much bigger, Without hood, and bare-neck'd, to the Park did repair, To show her new clothes, and to take the fresh air; Her shape, her attire, raised a shout and loud laughter; A way sidling Misan, the mob hurried after; Quoth a wag, thus observing the noisy crowd follow, As she came with a hoop, she's gone off with a bow!"

Taking the fashions generally within the last forty or fifty years, we find the Ladies' heads covered with a *cushion*, as it was termed, generally formed of horse-hair, and something like a porter's knot set upon the end; over this the hair was combed straight, the sides curled, and the back turned up, and the whole powdered; diminutive caps of gauze, adorned with ribbands, and miniature hats, generally of black silk, trimmed, were stuck on the tower of hair with long pins. The waist was covered by a long-bodied gown, drawn exceedingly close over stays laced still closer; the hips sometimes supported a bell hoop; the shoulders, alternately small cloaks and cardinals; the former of muslin and silk, and the latter almost always of black silk, richly laced.

This description of dress altered by degrees to the present fashion. The head insensibly lowered; the horsehair first gave place to large natural curls, spread over the face and ears; the cap enlarged to an enormous size, and the bonnet swelled in proportion. Silks became unfashionable, and printed calicoes, and the finest white muslins, were substituted. Hoops were entirely discontinued except at Court. These were all improvements; but it is only of late years that the Ladies, much to their honour, have thrown aside most of these hateful attempts to supply nature's deficiencies, and now appear in that native grace and proportion which distinguishes an Englishwoman. The hair, cleansed from all extraneous matter, shines in beautiful lustre carelessly turned round the head, in the manner adopted by the most eminent Grecian sculptors; and the form appears through their snow-white draperies in that fascinating manner, which excludes the least thought of impropriety. Their hats, bonnets of straw; chip, and beaver, if somewhat less, would be extremely becoming; and their velvet pelisses, shawls, and silk spencers, are contrived to improve, rather than injure the form.



## THE TRAVELLER.

"Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat,  
To peep at such a world; to see the stir  
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd."

COWPER

### SKETCHES OF COPENHAGEN. No. II.

The royal palace of Christiansbourg, was once a building of an immense size, but the greatest part has been destroyed by fire, and is still in ruins. The palace was built of brick, stuccoed, and one wing, which remains entire, contains the royal museum and library. The former deposited in several apartments, is divided into classes, viz. paintings, antiquities, medals, minerals, and subjects relating to zoology. The paintings are in a gallery eighty yards long, badly lighted by side windows, and two smaller rooms; the total is four hundred, of which I shall only enumerate a few. The Virgin Mary, by *Maucici*, a very fine painting. Female, by *Rembrandt*. Entrance into Harlem, by *Beerstraten*. Charles I. of England, in his twenty-fourth year, by *Fandyke*. Catherine de Medicis. Curious portrait of "Dame Jacoba de Baviere, Comtesse d'Hollande, ob. 1436." Full length portraits of their late Majesties George III. and his Queen, supposed to be by Sir Joshua Reynolds. The vessel in which they were going to Russia, during the war, was taken by a Danish privateer. I was told they would be restored, if claimed by the British Government, and I felt somewhat hurt at their degraded situation, as they were not even affixed to the wall, but carelessly placed behind a door.

In the other classes, I noticed, a saddle presented by the Dey of Tunis, of an elegant form, richly studded with precious stones; an Egyptian mummy; the body of a man found in the deserts of Arabia; a loadstone, which held a weight of 200lbs; a turtle, five feet long; an elephant's tooth (which I measured) seven feet nine inches in length; an immense Iceland bear; wax-work figures of sixteen Danish sovereigns; of Louis XIV. and his Queen; of a woman thirty inches in height, when twenty-three years old, as presented to the Danish court.

The royal library is chiefly ranged in a gallery one hundred and fifty feet long. There is no printed catalogue, but I was informed that it contained nearly 400,000 volumes, consisting of the classics, and the best productions in all the modern languages, divided into the usual classes.

I was accompanied to the library by one of the ministers, who introduced me to the librarian, a professor, wearing an order. His little property had been entirely destroyed by the English bombardment, which loss occasionally affected his intellects. My friend had also suffered, having lost two fingers of his right hand, from the same cause. The professor mentioned, that, fortunately, only part of one bomb struck the library, and damaged a book of no great value. He brought the volume before me, and placing upon it the maimed hand of my companion, observed "there is a specimen of English humanity." The remark, it may be conceived hurt me much, although I felt for his misfortunes, and admired the noble manner in which he bore them, for he assured me that he had still the highest opinion of the British nation, and generously attributed to necessity on the part of its government, that unfortunate occurrence, which had caused him so much misery.

The out-buildings are yet extensive, and have been in a sumptuous style, as I remarked that in one stable, calculated for one hundred horses, the pillars dividing each stall were formed of marble, and the racks of copper.

Returning from the palace, I observed in an open space, called *Uhfeldt's place*, a monument, erected, as the Danish inscription says, "To the everlasting shame and disgrace of *Corfitz Uhfeldt*,

who married *Eleonora Christina*, a natural daughter of *Christian IV.* and was suspected of endeavouring to deliver the kingdom of Denmark to the Swedes." He escaped the fury of the enraged populace, but his wife was confined in the blue tower for many years. His palace, on the site of which the monument stands, was destroyed by the mob, and himself burnt in effigy, 1660.

The palace of *Rosenberg*, a stone edifice, fortified, and entered by a draw-bridge, on each side of which is a brass lion, is the chief establishment for levees and public spectacles. The largest room is that which the ceremony of the order of knighthood is observed; the walls are decorated with ancient tapestry, representing, chiefly, the naval victories over the Swedes, between whom, and the Danes, great national animosities still exist; the throne is of crimson velvet, edged with broad gold lace, and near the summit are the words: "Dominus mihi adiutor." Silver lions as large as life stand on each side, and give the whole an appearance of savage grandeur.

In different apartments are preserved a curious collection of glass, brought from Vienna by *Frederick III.*; two gold boxes, one presented in London, to *Christian VII.* by the corporation of that city, and the other by the goldsmith's company; beautiful miniatures of *Christian V.*; of *Countess de la Main*; of *George II.* of England and of his Queen; table of Mosaic work, representing birds of rich plumage, which cost at Florence 10,000 ducats (£4,750); court dress of *Christian IV.* weighing at least 14lbs, and his saddle actually studded with jewels; the cap and handkerchief, stained with blood, belonging to the same monarch, who was wounded, and lost an eye, in an engagement in a seventy-four gun ship; the coronation chairs, the Queen's is chiefly of silver, that of the King, ivory, with a representation at the top of the famous amethyst in the crown, three inches by two and a half; a splendid collection of Danish Coins, from the time of *Christian I.* (1448) and those of Sweden during the reign of *Carl Gustav*; sumptuous dinner service of China, with all the plants and flowers of Denmark exquisitely painted.

The castle gardens are a favourite promenade, and extremely pleasant to a stranger, as he will there meet so many of the genteel inhabitants. In them are several statues, one of which merits attention; it is a marble representation of *Hercules*, breaking the lion's jaw, in which the muscles of the god, and the fine form of the animal, are displayed with much skill. It was executed by *Johan Baratta*, Florence, 1709.

There are ten churches, two of which were burnt down by the bombardment, and another accidentally. Adjoining one is a singular round tower 150 feet high in which there is a winding ascent to the top, without a step, and sufficiently wide to admit a carriage. It is said that *Peter the great* had the temerity to drive up it.

This tower was repeatedly struck by the English land-batteries, whose situation, as well as of those stationed in the harbour, we could distinctly trace. From the summit there is a beautiful panoramic view of the whole of the city, interspersed with numerous gardens, with avenues of trees leading from each gate; the island of *Amach*, the palace and gardens of *Fredericksberg*, the roads with the numerous batteries, and the more distant Baltic. The university library is kept in a room over this church, and contains about seventy thousand volumes; attached to it is a small museum of ancient armour and military instruments, in a dirty neglected state. Large candles are kept burning in all the Lutheran churches during service, and the seats in the galleries are partitioned from each other like private boxes, and have a window and curtains at the front. Copenhagen possesses a university and acad-

my. The latter is a free-school, where boys receive a military education, each wearing a uniform, and being styled cadet; the entrance is thus described:

"Disciplina solertia fingitur ingenium."

There are similar establishments for the navy and artillery.

## LITERATURE.

*Observations upon the Floridas; by Charles Vignoles, Civil and Topographical Engineer.* E. Bliss and E. White. New-York.

We are happy to meet at last with one volume on the Floridas from a disinterested source: we can, therefore, examine this book, without the dread of being ensnared in the fine spun speculations and opinions of land jobbers, or of mere book-makers. This author, from the official situation he holds, as Civil and Topographical Engineer, has had access to all the information which may be termed documentary; and he has added to this stock a large mass, acquired in several extensive journeys, made for the express purpose of collecting the facts necessary to the illustration of his subject.

Mr. Vignoles, after some introductory remarks as to the authorities on which he founds his "Observations," gives a rapid historical sketch of the Floridas, in which he brings into view, in a narrow compass, all the principal points of that history down to the period of the exchange of flags between the Spanish and United States authorities. In this division of the work, we have an official letter, which throws a new light on the accounts of the last ten years government of Spain; and letters to and from Captain Bell, which prove that an attachment to the institutions of the United States, of which few were aware, has long existed in the bosoms of the Floridians.

The topographical division describes the face of the country. Commencing at the River St. Mary, the line of sea-coast is minutely detailed to the Capes of Florida, and thence along the western shores of the peninsula, and on the extremity of West Florida. The author, in continuance, takes up each of the four counties in succession, and, apparently, in a satisfactory manner, describes the roads, rivers, hills, &c. within them.

Florida appears, from Mr. V.'s statement, to be divided into three classes of soil, by far the greatest portion of which is called Pine barrens. These barrens are in general fertile:—"Luxuriant pasture ranges," says our author, "are found every where, and millions of horned cattle may be raised with no other trouble than herding, and periodically burning the grass, which quickly grows again, the tender shoots imparting, by their succulent and fragrance, a flavour to the flesh not found in stall-fed beeves of a city." The Indians formerly had immense herds of cattle. A great portion of these barrens are undulating, and a tract, supposed to contain 300 square miles, was so completely burnt about 30 years ago, that the whole body of the timber was killed, and it is now thickly covered with a secondary growth of pine saplings; forming a labyrinth of matted pines, mossy rocks, and shaking morasses.

The general character of the land is represented by our author as light, composed of sands, sandy loams based on limestone or clay, and not capable of bearing a succession of exhausting crops. He divides the land into the following classes: Flat pine lands; Undulating do.; Low Hammock; High do.; Oak and Hickory; Scrub lands; Pine Savannas; Hammock do.; River swamps; Cypress do.; Fresh and Salt Marshes.

The Low Hammocks are the richest lands in Florida, and capable of producing crops of sugar, corn, hemp, and others equally as valuable. These lands are covered with an appalling growth of tim-

ber, and require banking and ditching to guard them from floods and rains. The usual growth of timber is cabbage tree, ash, mulberry, dogwood, Spanish oak, live oak, white oak, swamp hickory, sweet bay, sassafras, cedar, magnolia, wild fig, orange, prickly ash; in the more southern parts, the torch tree is found, the gum guaiacum, mastic, wild tamarind, and a great variety of wild grapes and plums. There is no doubt that the grapes of Florida may be cultivated to an extent sufficient for all the uses of the country, and that ardent spirits may give place to a cheap and healthful wine.

By recent trials to cultivate the sugar cane, the fact appears to be established, that all the lands in Florida, south of St. John's River, will produce it, and in greater perfection than in Louisiana. Still there may be objections to the cultivation on a large scale, from the length of time it takes to establish a sugar plantation, and the probability that the cane will be found an exhausting crop on the light lands of Florida. It might be cultivated in the manner followed by the small growers of cotton and rice in Carolina and Georgia, and by carrying it to the mills to be manufactured. This would increase the population of the country much quicker than a more extended cultivation, and might be done with a small number of slaves on each farm. Even in this limited way, the crop would be as profitable as any other.

The following list of productions, capable of being raised to a considerable, and most of them to a profitable extent, has been made with great care by the author:—China, Madarin, Maltese, St. Michael oranges; the lemon, lime, citron, shaddock, mango, pawpaw, cocoa, date, sweet and bitter almond, tamarind, pistaccio, acagua, olive; the vine in all its varieties; Zante currants, pine-apples, figs, plantain, banana, yam, bread fruit, arrowroot, gall nuts, soy-bean; jalap, true rhubarb, ginger, gum gleni, gum guaiacum; aloë, cinnamon, pimento, sago palm, red pepper, saponaka, jesuit's bark, benne oil; palma christi oil, tea, sugar, Cuba tobacco, rice, cotton, silk, cork tree, chesnut tree, fustic, braziletto, sassafras, balsam tree, senna, sarsaparilla, hemp, turkey madder, opium poppy, camphor-tree, balm of gilead tree, tumeric, frankincense, cloves, pepper, nutmegs, lechec plant of China, liquid amber. These and a number of other articles are, and may be produced, in most parts of this peninsula. The probability is, however, that cotton, the vine, tobacco, and sugar, will be the staples of this country.

In a few years, the olive may be cultivated to great advantage; also many other of the above enumerated articles. The benne plant, from which a fine table oil is obtained, will be an object with the farmers, while the olive trees are growing. The palma christi, or castor oil bean, is extensively cultivated in Georgia, and will soon be attended to in Florida. Some enterprising gentlemen went from this city a few months since for the express purpose of raising this plant, and there is no doubt it will be a good speculation.

Another important branch of national interest must be noticed; that of breeding the silkworm. This will afford employment to the children of the poor, and, like the raising of the various kinds of fruit, will not require the aid of slaves. The mulberry tree, the leaves of which are the natural food of this valuable insect, grows with great luxuriance in this country. The quantity of raw silk would be large enough in a short time to form one of the staples of Florida; which, combined with the culture of fruit, would complete the sum of domestic comforts. The breeding of large herds of cattle will most likely be the most profitable employment of the first settlers. Sugar, cotton, rice, vines, and all the varieties of fruit will follow in the progress of improvements and cultivation.



Mr. Vignoles states, that the general health of the inhabitants of this territory, on all those parts of it which are elevated above the swamps and marshes, must be generally good; the heat of summer is not so intense as in more northern latitudes, nor does frost often appear. We are compelled to believe, that the acquisition of the Floridas is of great national importance; and that the high grounds, possessing an eternal spring, will in a few years become the resort of northern invalids, where the health-restoring balmy breezes, passing through orange groves, vineyards, and olive fields, shall restore lost vigour and health to the sons and daughters of affliction.

The division of this work relating to the Florida Keys and Wreckers, has made us, in a few pages, much better acquainted with the curious chain of islands that now form the Southern outposts of the Union, than we were before. The account of the wrecking system is new and interesting, and the remarks on the military posts and naval stations along the Great Florida reef, not unworthy of attention.

The Observations on the Indians contain a body of valuable information, stated in a clear and forcible manner. This part of the work is suited to all descriptions of readers, and we concur in the concluding reflections, which are at once just and philanthropic, and wish to find them more generally adopted.

An elegant map of the Floridas accompanies this volume. It is executed by Mr. Tauner of Philadelphia from an original drawing of Mr. Vignoles, and is a fine specimen of that kind of engraving. The map, we understand, is sold separately, as well as with the book.

From the impression which a perusal of this work has left on our minds, we feel no hesitation in recommending it to the American people as a valuable and important description of this interesting country, and one calculated to do much good, by unfolding a source of great riches and happiness to the United States.

## THE DRAMA.

—Whilst the Drama bows to Virtue's cause,  
To aid her precepts and enforce her laws,  
So long the just and generous will befriend,  
And triumph on her efforts will attend.

BOOKS.

## LONDON THEATRES.

Drury Lane, Jan. 6th.

A diverting little Comedy, in two acts, was brought forward at this Theatre, under the title of *Simpson and Co.* As a proof that the Manager thought well of it, he cast it in a great degree with the comic strength of the company. The plot is by no means complicated, but excites curiosity and interest. Simpson, a city merchant, has a jealous wife, but is a faithful husband. Bromley his partner, is also married, but is a gallant man, and in the disguise of a military officer, attempts to carry on an amour with Mrs. Fitzallan a lively young widow, just arrived from India. By odd incidents poor Simpson suffers the suspicion of inconstancy from his jealous wife, and Bromley is considered as a model of conjugal fidelity. At length of course, matters are cleared up, and the whole ends happily. The intermediate mistakes are highly diverting. The comedy was well received, and will no doubt be a settled favourite with the public.

January 15th.

A new Piece, entitled *Augusta, or The Blind Girl*, was represented for the first time last night at this Theatre. The scene is laid in Germany, and the outline of the story is as follows:—Ernest, the youngest son of the noble house of Hartzberg, having offended his family by refusing to devote himself to the church, quits his father's house, and determines to travel in search of better fortune. Arrived at

Oldenburgh, he, in a public walk, becomes the instrument of protecting the Baroness Rhimberg, and her orphan niece (the Blind Augusta,) from the insults of some young men of fashion. His interference calls down the anger of these accomplished gentlemen, and a rencontre with swords ensues. The Baroness faints from alarm, and Augusta hearing a noise, not knowing the occasion, but suspecting her protector in danger, rushes to the spot from whence the sound comes, and receives a dangerous wound from the sword of young Hartzberg. She is conveyed home in a state of insensibility. Ernest accompanies her, and takes up his residence under a feigned name at the castle. Here he continues for a considerable time; a mutual affection arises between him and the blind orphan, and it is with difficulty he at length prevails on himself to quit the castle, in pursuance of a design he has conceived in favour of the object of his affection, promising at the time of his departure to return in three years. The Baroness of Rhimberg dies soon after, leaving her fortunes to her near relative Caroline, to whose care Augusta is also consigned. Time passes on, and a law-suit arises between Caroline and the family of Hartzberg, the result of which threatens Caroline with the loss of the greater part of her fortune, unless she will consent to marry the Count of Hartzberg. The piece opens at the period at which the Count is expected. He arrives, and in the Count of Hartzberg the Blind Orphan recognises her lover, Ernest, who has succeeded to his family title and estates, on the death of his elder brothers. Faithful to his love, he is about to proceed to Oldenburgh, in search of Augusta, regardless of his law-suit and Caroline, when he is stopped in his progress by his meeting with the object of his affection. Still retaining his character of Ernest, he offers Augusta his hand, who refuses it with firmness, though acknowledging her affection, urging as a reason her defect of sight. The Count presses her to submit to an operation by the hands of a skilful person whom he has brought from Paris. She requests a short time for consideration, and retires. The Count takes this opportunity of making a confidante of Caroline, declares his love for Augusta, and his readiness to forego his claim to the estate of Caroline in that Lady's favour, if she will prevail on Augusta to consent to the operation, confessing, at the same, that his three years absence had been devoted to studying the structure of the eye, under the ablest French oculists, and his confidence of being able to restore Augusta to sight. —Augusta overhears the conversation, and immediately consents to her lover's wishes, the operation is successfully performed, she is restored to sight, and consents to become the wife of the Count. Caroline, released by the Count from all fear of the law-suit, is also united to Herman, to whom she is sincerely attached, but whose want of fortune had previously prevented their union.

Such are the materials of which this piece is composed. Its origin is evidently French, but we have not heard by whom it is translated, and adapted to the English stage. The story is interesting, and the incidents and situations, many of them highly dramatic. Mrs. W. West as the blind girl, was particularly successful. Mrs. Davison was as lively, as fascinating, and as excellent as usual in her personification of Caroline. Cooper played Count Hartzberg with much feeling and energy; and Knight, as Ambrose (an old domestic,) received his usual meed of applause. The piece was announced for repetition amidst general expressions of approbation.

## DRAMATIC ANECDOTES.

*Anecdote of Garrick.*—A young lady felt a violent passion for a Frenchman whom she saw in London, without being

acquainted with him. He was just about to quit the banks of the Thames, ignorant, no doubt, that he was leaving one behind who was to be the victim of his absence. The British *Dido* threatened with this cruel departure, and wishing not entirely to lose the object of her adoration, pointed out the handsome Frenchman to Garrick in a public place, begging him to preserve a remembrance of his features. Garrick, who probably at once perceived in this the wish of a lover, made himself so completely master of the countenance of the young stranger, that he was soon able to console his too sensitive countrywoman, by presenting a portrait of the Frenchman, which a painter had been able to render a striking likeness from the wonderful imitation of Garrick.

*Anecdote of Cooke.*—When George was playing at Liverpool, the managers found great difficulty in keeping him sober; but after repeated transgressions, he solemnly promised not to offend again during his stay. In the evening of the day on which the promise was made, George was not to be found when wanted for *Pertinax Mac Sycophant*; the audience grew impatient; the managers stormed, and all was in "most admired disorder." After a long search, one of the managers found him at a pot-house near the theatre, where he was drinking with great composure and perseverance out of a very small glass. "Oh! Mr. Cooke," exclaimed the irritated manager, "you have again broken your solemn promise; did you not tell me you would give over drinking?" George surveyed the manager with the most provoking coolness, and said, "I certainly did make such a promise, but you cannot expect a man to reform all at once; I have given over drinking "in a great measure," holding up the small glass close to the manager's nose.

*Ross the Actor.*—It is on record, that Ross, a respectable Actor in former days, received an annuity of 50*l.* from some anonymous patron, who assigned as a reason for his bounty that he had received such a powerful impression from the manner in which Ross had performed the part of *George Barnwell*, that it had warned him from licentious courses, and enabled him to pass through life with such a regard to prudence and good conduct, as had been of important use to his character and fortune. The annuity probably continued till the death of the donor, and if so, it is to be regretted that it was not secured for the life of the Actor, whose performance had been attended with such beneficial consequences, as Ross sunk by degrees, and at last, in the decline of life, was unable to procure an engagement at a London Theatre.

## BIOGRAPHY.

### CHARACTERISTIC SKETCHES OF ROUSSEAU.

Rousseau, says Grimm, was unhappy almost all his life. He had reason to complain of his lot, and he complained of all mankind. One of his greatest misfortunes arose from his having attained the age of forty years, before he discovered his genius. In his youth he learnt for sometime the art of an engraver. His father having had the misfortune to kill a man, was obliged to fly from Geneva, where he worked as a clock-maker and educated his children. Jean Jacques was received by a lady of rank in Savoy, called the Baroness de Warens. She made him abjure the Protestant religion, and took charge of his education. This woman had such a rage for alchemy, that it ruined her; she is now living in the greatest poverty. Rousseau having been brought to Paris by some means or other, he became intimately acquainted with M.

de Montaigne, who, on being appointed ambassador to Venice, took him there as his secretary. The ambassador was not a man of genius, nor did he discover any in his secretary, and is even now astonished at the reputation which Rousseau has acquired by his writings. These two men were of two dissimilar natures to remain long together, and soon separated, very much displeased with each other. Rousseau returned to Paris, indigent, unknown, ignorant of his talents and resources, and in his destitution labouring to gain his livelihood. He employed himself then only with music and poetry, and published a dissertation upon a plan which he invented of writing music with cyphers. This plan did not succeed, and his dissertation was read by no one. He afterwards composed the music and the words of an opera, entitled *Les Muses Galantes*, which could never be performed. He had many disputes with Rameau upon this subject, and he was very much hurt at not being able to exhibit his play at the theatre. He wrote however some bad verses, several of which were inserted in the *Mercur*, and composed also a few comedies, the greatest part of which have never been made public. *L'Amant de lui même*, which was printed and acted, shews that he had not such a talent for writing plays as Moliere. At the same time, he was occupied with a machine by which he fancied he could learn to fly; he made several attempts, which all failed; still he continued so blinded to his project, that he never could bear to have it treated as chimerical. Such of his friends, therefore, who think it feasible, may expect to see him some day hovering in the air. In the midst of all these attempts he became attached to the wife of a Receiver-General, once celebrated for her beauty. Rousseau was for several years her literary friend and secretary. The restraint and humiliation which he suffered in this situation contributed not a little to sour his disposition.

The Philosopher Diderot, with whom he became acquainted at that time, was the first to open his eyes to his true genius, and the academy at Dijon having proposed the famous questions of the influence of learning on morals, Rousseau treated it in a discourse which was the foundation of his reputation, and of the singular character which he afterwards maintained. Till then he had been a gallant and refined flatterer; so far as to become disgusting in his compliments: all at once he assumed the character of a cynic, which being quite out of his nature, he fell into the opposite extreme; but in throwing out his sarcasms, he always knew how to make exceptions in favour of those with whom he lived, and he preserved, notwithstanding his rough and cynical tone, much of his refinement and the art of making far-fetched compliments, especially in his conversation with women. When he turned philosopher, he immediately quitted Madame Dupin, and became a copier of music, pretending that he practised this trade as a common workman, and that he gained his subsistence by it; for one of his follies was to speak against the profession of an author, and not to practice any other. I advised him at that time to become a seller of lemonade, and to set up a coffee house in the square of the Palais Royal. This idea amused us a long time; it was not less extravagant than his own, and it had the advantage of being a lively piece of folly, and one which was likely to gain him a fortune. All Paris would have flown to see the coffee-house of Jean Jacques Rousseau, which would have become the rendezvous for all the most celebrated literati; but this folly having something useful in it, was too sensible to be adopted by the Citizen of Geneva. He made a tour through his native country, and returned very much out of humour at the end of six weeks. He abjured, during



his stay at Geneva, the Catholic Religion and again became a Protestant. At his return, he passed two or three years in the society of his friends, as happy as he possibly could, composing books, and thinking himself a copier of music, but when once sensible of his happiness, it was not in his nature to preserve it. Madame d'Espinay having in the forest of Montmorency a small house belonging to her estate, he persecuted her a long time to lend it to him, saying that it was impossible for him to live any longer at that horrible Paris, and that he would in future seek an asylum from men among woods and solitude. It was not at all suited to a person of such a fierce, melancholy, and impetuous temper. He then became a perfect savage; solitude made him still more hasty, and hardened his disposition against himself and his friends. He left his forest at the end of eighteen months, angry with the whole human race. He then settled at Montmorency, where he has lived ever since, and has gained a reputation worthy of his talents and singularity. I think he lived as happily there as a man with so much bile and vanity could expect to be. In the society of his friends at Paris, he found friendship and esteem, but the reputation, and still more the superior talents which he was obliged to acknowledge in some of them, might render his intercourse with them painful; while at Montmorency, without any rival, he received praises from the most distinguished characters in the kingdom, besides a crowd of amiable women who flocked around him. Those who have courage and patience to act the part of singularity always succeed. Rousseau passed his life in abusing the great; afterwards he said that with them alone he had found friendship and virtue. These two extremes were equally philosophical, and being amused with his prejudices, I often laughed at him.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Science has sought, on weary wing,  
By sea and shore, each man and living thing.  
CAMPBELL.

Minutes from CONVERSATIONES at DR. MITCHELL'S.

### SWEDISH BOTANY.

A collection of plants was forwarded by J. H. Aulick, of the U. S. Ship Ontario, in behalf of Dr. Krapp, of the Swedish navy. In the letter from Gibraltar, dated September 25, 1822, delivered by P. Proal, Esq. it is stated that the specimens, all natives of Sweden, to the number of one hundred and fifty or upwards, are all labelled and marked, for their respective places in a grand Herbarium. To enable the botanists of the coast to know, as far as this communication goes, what vegetables the Baltic Sea affords, and to compare them with the productions of the same class, in this extensive maritime region and its vicinity, is an important desideratum in science; wherefore a short list is annexed of certain maritime and contiguous species, in this parcel, to wit: *Rumex Maritimus*, *arundo calamagrostis*, *avena pubescens* et *elation*, *poa maritima*, *juncus bothnicus*, *lemna trisulca*, *salsola kali*, *erythraea littoralis*, *viola persicifolia*, *rhynchos frangula*, *tillaea aquatica*, *ruppia maritima*, *plantago maritima*, *galium bo-reale*, *pyrethrum maritimum*, *chara baltica*, &c. Our Botanists will trace the correspondence between that region and this.

### CONCHOLOGY OF RHODE-ISLAND.

The Conchology of Rhode-Island, illustrated by the shells of its univalve and bivalve molluscs, gathered by his Britannic majesty's Consul, J. B. Gilpin, and forwarded through Mr. S. Vernon by H. S. Newcomb, U. S. Navy. Among the former are, *nerites*, *turbo*, *murex*, &c. and among the latter, *pectens*, *mytilus*, *venus*, *arka*, *cardium*, &c. in a series,

which shows the correspondence between the creatures of the molluscan class in that region, and those collected along the shores of Long Island and the other shores.

### CANADIAN FOSSILS.

A set of Fossils from Upper Canada, by Dr. Isaac Wood consisting of *madrepores*, *oysters*, *screw-shells*, &c. agatized and converted into flint. The former consist of fossil *tubularias*, *fungias*, *caryophyllites*, *favonias*, and other *madrepores*; and the latter of *ostreas*, *terebus*, and *pectens*. It is one of the most difficult questions to answer, how these calcareous productions, for such they were originally, have become converted to the silicious order? what agent has removed lime and substituted siliceous in its place? The pieces, which are very distinct and well characterized, evince by new and conclusive arguments the doctrine taught in the supplement to the edition of Cuvier's Theory of the Earth, and in the Medical Repository, that the great Lakes of North America were originally salt or saline, and have become fresh and saltless in the course of time.

### WHITE RAT.

The White Rat brought by Luke Boor, Esq. from Trenton, Oneida County N. Y. is a beautiful example of albinism in that family of the mammalia. This same complexion, with red eyes, and delicate constitution, occurs now and then among mice, rabbits, moles, minks, and beavers, as well as among human beings. They have observed albinism among birds. There was a living white robin a few years ago in this city. A white or cream coloured crow was lately shot at Fishkill, and sent to our Lyceum.

### CANAL TO CONNECT THE ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC OCEANS.

The maps and explanations brought from South America by Colonel Woodbine and Hatfield Smith, Esq. satisfy those persons who examine them, of the ease and practicability of opening an intercourse between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, through the State of Colombia. There are two routes; both by the medium of the Great River Atrato or Choco, which after traversing about 500 miles of country, empties its waters into the Bay of Candelaria or Gulf of Darien.

The *Napi*, one of the branches of the Atrato, arises in a place, distant not more than six miles from the Pacific, at or near the Bay of Cupica. And the *Quito*, another branch arises within about a league and a half of the river San Juan, which disembogues into the Pacific at the Bay of —. Scientific and practical men unite in the sentiment that the project is feasible. The Atrato is navigable for 410 miles by steam-boats, or other vessels not exceeding the draught of five feet water.

### ICE ROCKS.

One of the very curious circumstances connected with the country, within a few years discovered to the south of Cape Horn, is the existence of icy rocks; that is to say, ice deposited in strata after the manner of rocks. These masses are thick and extensive; and possess a solidity that will enable them, in their present temperature to endure for an indefinite length of time. They might be considered as of primitive formation, were it not that they are stratified, and piled up alternately with volcanic slag and cinders. Men who have visited New South Shetland assure us that they have not only beheld and examined these huge piles of ice and ashes deposited *stratum superstratum*, but have witnessed the smoke and flames of subterranean fire issuing from openings in the crust or covering of everlasting snow!

### LINNEAN SOCIETY OF PARIS.

A letter from high authority in Paris, dated as late as the 29th Sept. 1822, states, that the Linnean Society of that city, is zealously employed in the prosecution of researches in Botany. The following extract will give an idea of the

opinion entertained of the system of natural orders proposed by the celebrated Jussieu, contrasted with the artificial method, as it has been called, of the illustrious Swede. "The system of Jussieu, appears to us to have introduced the greatest disorder in botany, and to have embarrassed the science with ridiculous difficulties. Without combating it, for we avoid disputes, we tread in the footsteps of the great Linnæus, and believe him to be a guide as sure as the author of the natural families, who like Penelope, is incessantly undoing what he has done. You will in the account I have rendered, see the course we have taken, and which we shall steadily pursue. At all events I shall take care of this, I who have had the honour of being the second founder, and the first regenerator of the Linnean Society." That this ponderous opinion may be properly appreciated, it ought to be understood, that the President is Count Lacepede; the Vice-Presidents Messrs. Defontaine and Lefebvre; and the perpetual secretary M. Thiebaut de Berneaud.

### PETRIFFACTIONS OF ANTIGUA.

A curious collection of fossils from Antigua were received, from Captain Redwood, as collected by himself, on the island. These specimens of petrified trees and madrepores were large and fine. The soil there seems remarkably prone to such alterations of organized bodies. There is difficulty enough to conceive how wood can change its particles, and turn to stone; but it is much more hard to comprehend how the radiating masses of lime, constructed by polypes at the bottom of the ocean, should be converted to very fine flint. Masses of these animal productions, large as the fist, and even as the head, exhibit the forms of *chalcidony* and *agate* by their surprising metamorphosis.

### NEW SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTIONS.

Intelligence was brought that proved the increase of rational research: inasmuch as a Lyceum of Natural History had been established at Newburgh, New-York; a chemical and Geological Society at Delhi, N. Y.; an academy of Natural History and Belles Lettres, founded at Baltimore, Md.; and the American Antiquarian Society at Worcester, Ms., is preparing a second volume for the press.

### THE SWORD OF UNCAS.

The real Sword was produced, that is alleged to have been worn by *Uncas*, the famous Sachem of the Mohegans. This powerful Chief, as the annalist Dr. Holmes relates, in the year 1638 went to Boston, professed allegiance to the government of the new settlers or whites, and was ever afterwards faithful to them. In the course of the warfare with the native tribes, he cut off the head of *Miancominoh* the great leader of the Pequods. This weapon is a dirk, whose blade resembles a Malay-creess, and is fifteen inches long. The hilt, scabbard, and outer-guard, are hard wood. It is of European manufacture, and was probably presented to him by some person of high authority in Massachusetts.

### CORONATION MEDALS.

One of the silver medals, struck in Mexico on the coronation of the Count Guanajuato, as Emperor, under the title of Augustine I., was presented by Lieut. B. Cooper of the U. S. Navy. It is executed with two heads or side faces, one of the sovereign, and the other of his wife the Empress Anna Maria on one side, and of the imperial throne on the other. Date 1822. Number distributed 5000.

The Coronation Medal of the present king of Great Britain, and its dependencies, was exhibited. In front is the head of the monarch, with the words in Latin, *George IV., king of the British, by the grace of God; defender of the faith*; and on the reverse, the archbishops placing the crown on his head as he sits in the chair of

state, with this inscription in the same language, George IV. crowned 1821.

### MEDAL DISTRIBUTED BY CAPTAIN COOK.

Was offered for examination a large copper medal, prepared by order of the British government, for distribution among the islanders of the Pacific Ocean, by Captain Cook, during his second voyage round the globe. On the face is the likeness of George III., and on the back, the two ships *Resolution* and *Adventure*, which sailed from England 11th May, 1772. The peculiarity relating to this piece is, that it was brought from *Toconroba*, one of the *Feejee* Islands by Capt. Donald Mackay. How it got there is a matter of speculation; as Capt. Cook was no nearer than the *Friendly* islands. It has thereupon been conjectured, that the natives of the several groups and clusters through the vast expanse of waters, have more intercourse with each other than is generally supposed. A voyage from *Tongatabboon* to the place whence this medal was brought, is an enterprise of considerable magnitude.

New-York, March 8th. 1822.

### MINERVA MEDICA.

#### ON REGULATING THE STOMACH. No. II.

The languor of inanition, and the fever of repletion, may be easily avoided by eating a luncheon; solid and nutritive, in proportion as the dinner is protracted, and the activity of the exercise to be taken in the mean-time. The oftener you eat, the less ought to be eaten at a time; and the less you eat at a time, the oftener you ought to eat: a weak stomach has a much better chance of digesting two light meals, than one heavy one. The stomach should be allowed time to empty itself before we fill it again. There is not only a considerable difference in the digestibility of various foods, but also of the time required by different stomachs to digest them, the sign of which is the return of appetite. The digestion of aliment is perfect, and quickly performed in proportion to the keenness of our appetite at the time of taking it. As a general rule, the interval of fasting should seldom be less than three, nor more than five hours, digestion being generally completed within that time.

Many industrious professional men, in order to add a few pounds to their income, in a few years are quite worn out from their digestive faculties being continually disordered and fretted for want of regular supplies of food; and sufficient sleep. An egg boiled in the shell for five minutes, and a bit of bread, are a convenient provision against the former, the *sicista* is the best antidote for the latter. The sensation of hunger arises from the gastric juices acting on the coats of the stomach. How injurious it must be to fast so long, that by neglecting to supply it with some alimentary substance which this fluid was formed to dissolve, the stomach becomes in danger of being digested itself. Those who feel a gnawing, as they call it in their stomach, should not wait till the stated hour of dinner, but eat a little forthwith, that the stomach may have something to work upon.

By too long fasting, wind accumulates in the stomach, especially of those who have passed the meridian of life, and produces a distressing flatulence, languor, faintness, giddiness, intermitting pulse, palpitation of the heart, &c. If the morning has been occupied by anxiety in business, or the mind or body is fatigued by over-exertion, these symptoms will sometimes come on about an hour or two before the usual time of dining. Well masticating a bit of biscuit, and letting a strong peppermint Lozenge dissolve in the mouth as soon as you feel the first symptoms of flatulence, will often pacify the stomach, and prevent the increase of these complaints. Dr. Whytt, whose ob-



servations on nervous disorders, are valuable, inasmuch as they are the authentic narrative of his own experience, says, "when my stomach has been weak, after I have been indisposed, I have often found myself much better for a glass of claret and a bit of bread, an hour or more before dinner, and I have ordered it in the same way to others, and again in the evening, an hour or more before supper, with advantage."

Those who have long lived luxuriously, to be sufficiently nourished, must be regularly supplied with food that is nutritive, and drink that is stimulating. Spice and wine, are as needful to the "bon vivant" of a certain age, as its mother's milk is to a new-born babe. The decrease of the energy of life arises from the decrease of the action of the organs of the body, especially those of digestion, which in early life is so intense and perfect, that a child, after its common unexcitant meal of bread and milk, is as hilarious and frolicsome as an adult person is after a certain quantity of roast beef and pork.

The infirm stomachs of invalids, require a little indulgence. Like other bad instruments, they often want oiling, screwing, winding up, and adjusting with the utmost care, to keep them in tolerable order; and will receive the most salutary stimulus from now and then making a full meal of a favourite dish. This is not a singular notion, though it may not exactly agree with the fastidious fancy of Dr. Sangrado's disciples, that starvation, and phlebotomy are sovereign remedies for all disorders. As excessive eating and drinking is certainly the most frequent cause of the disorders of the rich, so privation is the common source of complaints among the poor. The cause of the one, is the cure of the other; but where one of the latter dies of want, how many thousands of the former are destroyed by indigestion!

We all think that is the best, which we relish best, and which agrees best with our stomach. In this, reason and fashion, all powerful as they are on most occasions, yield to the imperative caprices of the palate.

"The Irishman loves unquebaugh, the Scot loves ale called blue-cap.  
The Welchman, he loves toasted cheese, and makes his mouth like a mouse-trap."

Our Italian neighbours regale themselves with macaroni and parmesan, and eat some things, which we call carrion; whilst the Englishman boasts of his roast beef, plum pudding, and porter—the Frenchman feeds on his favourite frog, and soup maigre—the Tartar feasts on horse-flesh—the Chinaman on dogs—the Greenlanders prey on garbage and train oil, and each "blesses his stars and thinks it luxury." What at one time or place, is considered as beautiful, fragrant, and savoury, at another is regarded as deformed and disgusting.

#### SCIENTIFIC NOTICES FROM FOREIGN JOURNALS.

**Composition of the Blood.**—Sir Everard Home, in lately delivering his introductory Lecture on the Physiology of the blood, at St. George's Hospital, London, explained a discovery made by him on the component parts of the blood in the year 1818, a fact which is known but to few of the profession. Sir Everard's new theory is, that carbonic acid gas forms a large proportion of the blood, and that this fluid is of a tubular structure. The immortal Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation, and Hewson and Hunter, who have studied the composition of the vital fluid, failed to make this important discovery; and should time, the only test of truth, prove the justness of this new theory, Sir Everard may be ranked among the first physiologists of the day. He asserts that carbonic acid gas exists in the blood in the large proportion of two cubic inches

to an ounce, and that it is given out in large quantities from the blood of a person after a full meal, and very little from the blood of a feverish person. The fact of the appearance of the tubes passing through every particle of the blood, Sir Everard was led to discover by observing the growth of a grain of wheat daily through a microscope; he first saw a blob, and then a tube passing from it; the blob was the juice of the plant, and the tube was formed by the extrication of carbonic acid gas. Reasoning from analogy, he examined a globule of blood; and found it composed of similar tubes, which he was enabled to inject under the exhausted receiver of an air-pump.

**Magnetism.**—At a recent meeting of the Royal Society of London, Captain Scoresby whose name is so well known as connected with the history of the whale fishing, exhibited some very interesting experience on the magnet. His observations have been made principally with the view of correcting errors of chronometers, which he has found are frequently occasioned by the most simple and hitherto unlooked for circumstances; such as the position of the material of which balances are constructed at the time they were made. He showed that by the blow of a hammer the polarity of a bar of iron may be reversed, according to the end on which it is struck; that if a bar of iron is bent in a horizontal position, it does not become magnetic, whereas, if it be held perpendicular when bending, that it does so with the negative or positive ends according to their being uppermost or undermost; and as the simple stroke of a hammer is capable of rendering iron magnetic, as well as turning, polishing, and burnishing, in the event of a boat being forced out to sea without a compass, it is no very difficult matter to construct one for temporary purposes, from the blade of a knife or pair of scissors.

**The North-West Expedition.**—At a meeting on the 7th of January, an interesting paper was read to the Literary and Philosophical Society of Newcastle upon Tyne, Eng. on the probable situation, condition, and prospects of Capt. Parry and his brave fellow adventurers. It showed the probability of their having succeeded in getting a passage through some inlet in the north-west of Hudson's Bay, since, if this had not been the case, they would have returned, or at least been heard of. If they should have got beyond the Copper Mine River the first summer, it is a subject of hope, rather than expectation, that they may have passed Mackenzie's, and pushed through Behring's Straits, in which case we may expect intelligence very soon. But in this probably Franklin would have heard of them. Or they may have been taken short by the climate before reaching the Pacific, and are now passing a second winter on this side of Behring's Straits; still a fair hope may be entertained of their ultimate safety; but it may be the end of this year, or the spring of the next, before we hear of them. Or, thirdly, they may not have been able to find a passage in the Pacific; and then the question, can they get back to the Atlantic before the open weather closes; or have they the means of passing a third Polar winter? Various presumptions are in favour of this. But on a fourth, not improbable, supposition, of damage to the ships, or deficiency of, or injury to, their resources, or sickness, disabling from exertion, their situation must indeed be wretched; and what ought the country, in contemplation even of its possibility, to do? First, to dispatch directions to the Governors of Canada, Hudson's Bay, and the North-West Company, directing them to equip different parties of natives with proper supplies, to go in search by the Copper Mine and Mackenzie's Rivers, and other routes, with a security of being rewarded at any rate, and munificently in case of success.

Secondly, that two or three small vessels be sent in different directions. Thirdly, that the Davis' Straits ships be encouraged to sail a fortnight more before the usual time, and explore the coast before they come to the fishing-ground. These or any other expedients should be adopted, rather than a single chance be lost of saving these brave men.

**Cockroaches.**—To expel these vermin, place a small quantity of white arsenic, finely pulverized, on crumbs of bread, and lay it near their haunts: a few nights will suffice. Dogs, cats, &c. must of course be kept out of the way of the poison.

#### NATURAL HISTORY.

**Wild Turkey.**—The manners of these birds are as singular as their figure. Their attitudes, in the season of courtship are very striking. The males fling their heads and necks backward, bristle up their feathers, drop their wings to the ground, strut and pace most ridiculously; wheel round the females, with their wings rustling along the earth, at the same time emitting a strange sound through their nostrils, not unlike the *grurr* of a great spinning wheel. On being interrupted they fly into great rage, and change their note into a loud and guttural gobble; and then return to dalliance.

The passions of the male are very strongly expressed by the change of colours in the fleshy substance of the head and neck, which alters to red, white, blue, and yellowish, as they happen to be affected. The sight of any thing red excites their choler greatly.

They are very stupid birds; quarrelsome, and cowardly. It is diverting to see a whole flock attack the common cock; who for a long time keep a great number at bay.

**Toucan.**—The Toucan lives on vegetable diet, and feeds chiefly on pepper, which it devours very greedily, gorging itself in such a manner that it vomits it crude and unconnected. It builds its nest in holes of trees, which have been previously scooped out for this purpose.

There is no bird secures its young better from external injury than the Toucan. It has not only birds, men, and serpents, to guard against, but a numerous tribe of monkeys, still more prying, mischievous, and hungry, than all the rest. The toucan, however, scoops out its nest in the hollow of some tree, leaving only a hole large enough to go in and out at. There it sits with its great beak, guarding the entrance; and if the monkey venture to offer a visit of curiosity, the toucan gives him such a welcome, that he presently thinks proper to pack off, and is glad to escape with safety.

**Horned Screamer.**—It is the size of a turkey. They are observed to be always met with in pairs, and if one dies, the other mourns to death for the loss. They frequent places near the water, make a large nest of mud, in the shape of an oven, upon the ground, and lay two eggs the size of those of a goose. It is a rare species, and is found in certain districts in Cayenne, Guiana, Surinam, and other parts of South America. The inhabitants call them *Awakeners*, from their giving notice to others of the approach of danger; as on hearing the least noise, or seeing any one, though at a great distance, they rise from the ground, and make a loud chattering, like a magpie, continuing the noise, and hovering over the object which caused the alarm, whereby the rest of the birds, taking the hint, are able in time to escape the impending danger. This screaming noise, which some authors relate as being exceedingly loud and terrible, has occasioned Mr. Pennant to give it the name of Screamer.

#### EDITORIAL NOTICES.

No. LI. of the MINERVA will contain the following articles:

**POPULAR TALES.**—*Vicissitudes of Wentworth Airastle.*

**THE TRAVELLER.**—*The Valley of Chamounix, Mont Blanc, and the Glaciers No. I., from a Tour in Switzerland in 1821.*

**LITERATURE.**—*Inquiry as to the Author of the Waverley Novels, No. I.*

**THE DRAMA.**—*The Events of a Day; a Comic Opera, by David Henderson.*

**BIOGRAPHY.**—*Memoir of Professor Duval.*

**ARTS AND SCIENCES.**—*On Air and Exercise.—On Healing Wounds in Trees.—Natural History.—Scientific and Literary Notices from Foreign Journals.*

**CORRESPONDENCE.**—*Italian Letters, No. V. NATURALISTS DIARY For March.*

**POETRY.**—*The Dirge of the year: Written in 1821. "By Florio."*

**GLEASER, RECORD, ENIGMAS, CHRONOLOGY.**

The SUBSCRIBERS to the MINERVA are respectfully reminded, that the first volume will be completed on the appearance of two numbers after the present; before which it is expected they will give due notice of their intention to continue or discontinue the work, as no subscriptions can be received in future for a less period than one year. It is expected, also, agreeably to the original terms of publication, that the subscription will be paid in advance, particularly by country residents.—This is the more necessary, as the publishers have no agents for collecting money, and the MINERVA is furnished at a price considerably below any other literary journal in this country. Such subscribers as do not comply with the terms of this notice, will be considered as having relinquished the work.

Authors, Printers, and Publishers, throughout the United States, will find the MINERVA well adapted to convey to the public, notices of works in hand, in the press, or ready for publication. They will be inserted gratuitously, on being forwarded to the publishers. Men of Science are likewise invited to communicate notices of new discoveries, or to furnish articles on such branches of Science as they may be familiar with.

#### THE RECORD.

—A thing of Shreds and Patches!—HAMLET.

Among the list of premiums offered by the New-York County Agricultural Society, to be awarded at the annual exhibition in October next, we observe the following: for the finest and most elegant specimen of a Lady's Grass Hat, in imitation of Lughorn \$20. For the second best 15. For the third best 10.

**The Shot Tower,** on the East River, belonging to Mr. George Youle, has been rebuilt, and the proprietor has commenced the manufacture of shot, at the rapid rate of about three tons per day, and of a quality fully to compare with the imported.

Professor Griscom, of this city, has issued proposals for publishing by subscription "a year in Europe, comprising a journal of observations in England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Switzerland, Italy, and Holland, in 1818 and 1819."

There is now in the Philadelphia Museum, an artificial magnet of the horse shoe form, which supports the weight of 162 lbs., its own weight is only 32 lbs.

Upwards of 1,730,000 pounds of wool has been imported into the United States, during the last year.

Dr Jenner, the inventor of vaccine inoculation, died suddenly in England, in the 74th year of his age.

#### MARRIED.

Mr. Charles Mathews to Miss Mary Ann Jamison.

Mr. Charles Clark to Miss Mary Rand.

On the 13th Samuel D. Rogers to Miss Frances Jones.

The Rev. John Sellon to Miss Adeline Geer.

#### DIED.

On the 14th Mr. John E. Watkins, aged 31.

Miss Mary E. Cobb, aged 18.

Mrs. Van Wyck, wife of Peter S. Van Wyck.

Miss Leonora White, aged 46.

On the 14th Mrs. Jane Puton.

On the 15th William James Stewart.



## POETRY.

"It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning."

## THE REQUIEM.

"Well hast thou left in life's best bloom  
The cup of woe for me to drain."

BYRON.

## BY FLORIO.

Beneath the burial clay,  
Beneath the cold funeral stone,  
Wrapped in the mantle of decay,  
Thy form of graceful youth is gone!  
Oh, there was sorrow, long and loud,  
When thou wast gathered in the shroud,  
And tears in fast profusion fell,  
When wailing love bade thee, farewell!  
But now whose hearts more deeply bled  
Than his, by whom no tears were shed!

His grief was echoless—  
It had no sound, or voice, or breath;  
And his lone feeling of distress  
Had all the solitude of death:  
But the sad tear-drops of the soul  
Flowed inwardly without control;  
And earnestly his mournful eye  
Was fixed in wild intensity  
Upon that lonely coffin lid,  
Where all he loved on earth, was hid.

He wept his lot with none,  
Nor told the misery of his fate;  
The world for him held only one—  
She died—and he was desolate.  
Oh! how he watched her beauty pine,  
And perish in its slow decline,  
When sickness blanched her cheek with care,  
Stealing the rose that flourished there!  
And how he knelt, at love's command,  
To kiss that soft and lily hand,  
And gaze upon that failing eye,  
Once glowing with love's witchery.

She was so beautiful—  
E'en as a seraph to his eyes;  
The hand of death did never cull  
A sweeter flower for Paradise!  
Yes, partial Nature never drew  
A lovelier form or fairer hue;  
A smile of more bewitching grace  
Than that which played upon her face:  
He deem'd she was an angel, given  
To make for him, this earth a heaven.

Enchanted hours to him!  
And over-fraught with every bliss!  
Joy sparkled upwards to the brain,  
And seemed to wound his fervent kiss,  
He wreathed his harp with summer flowers;  
And the sweet music of those hours  
Was like the melody of spring,  
When all her birds are on the wing.

How changed! that heart is cold—  
Her bosom rests within the earth,  
And memory's dirge hath fondly told  
Of all her sweetness, all her worth.  
Unsparring death!—must then the young,  
The innocent in heart and tongue;  
The loved, the loving, and the gay,  
Aye be the first to fall thy prey?  
Alas! that mild, unchiding breast  
Is in the icy grave compress'd;  
And the dull earth-worm riots now  
Upon that smooth and marble brow.

The flowers of spring shall wave  
Above her solitary bed;  
The gay green grass shall deck her grave,  
And freshly blossom o'er her head.  
But long unheeded must he sigh,  
When year on year is sweeping by;  
And spring oft wither and return,  
Before his heart shall cease to mourn.

But love can never die—  
It fastens on the fearful tomb,  
And lifts to heaven a trusting eye,  
To hail a brighter, happier doom.  
In the deep caverns of the grave,  
Love lingers, though it cannot save;  
Yea, in the mansions of the dust,  
Affection springs, and ever must.

Another dawn shall break  
Upon this cloud-envelop'd night:  
That lovely being shall awake  
To bloom in heaven's bowers of light.  
Though deep affection's hope was vain,  
And tears of anguish fell like rain,  
When death descended, and no prayer  
Could ward the blow from one so fair:  
Yet in a happier world than this,  
A world of unembitter'd bliss,  
Where joy hath never rung its knell,  
That pure and stainless heart shall dwell.  
1821.

## IRELAND.

"Mox sesse attollet in auras."

Wake, Emerald Isle of the wave!  
Fair land of the lofty in mind!  
Of the lovely, the gallant, the brave!  
Break the chains that are round thee entwined!  
Once more let thy flag be unfurled,  
In gladness, in honour, and fame;  
Once more let thy triumphs resound through the world,  
Which hath witness'd the night of thy shame;  
Hath the sun of thy freedom eternally set?  
No! its beacon shall guide thee to victory yet!

Thy night of oppression shall end!  
The dawn of thy glory shall rise!  
And the star of thy hope shall ascend  
To its zenith again, in the skies.  
Thy hands shall awaken the song,  
"The Emerald Island is free!"  
The breezes of heaven shall waft it along,  
Across the blue waves of the sea;  
And the exile who wanders far over the main,  
Shall lift up his voice and unite in the strain.

Yes, desolate land! thou shalt wake  
To the proud march of glory again;  
The storm of thy vengeance shall break  
Like the hurricane's wrath o'er the main!  
Then when battle is rending the sky,  
And tyranny quakes on the throne,  
The day-star of freedom shall brighten thy sky,  
And triumph and fame be thy own!  
Then the scenes of thy annals shall equal again  
Clontarf's purple wave, and red Oxtory's plain!  
What echo resounds on the hills?  
What dame lights the heaven afar?  
'Tis the war cry of Erin that thrills:  
'Tis the battle fire kindled by war!  
There is rushing of man and of steed,  
There is clashing of hoof and of sword;  
Wild battle is urging his couriers in speed;  
The vial of ruin is poured!  
Horns sink in that slumber which wakens no more,  
And the flowers of earth are empurpled with gore!

But the clouds in their rage pass along,  
The thunders are lulled into sleep;  
Say, what is that proud and melodious song  
Which floats o'er the breast of the deep?  
'Tis the anthem of triumph which tells  
That Erin hath burst from her shame;  
That the morning of glory her darkness dispels,  
And heralds the day of her fame.  
Her sons have not bled round her banner in vain,  
For Erin, green Erin, is Freedom's again!

1822. FLORIO.

## FAREWELL.

"A word that must be, and hath been."—BYRON.

There is a word that rends the heart,  
Which all have said and all must say,  
Which breaks the bands of love apart,  
And drives the dream of bliss away.  
And e'en when youth all buoyant springs  
Fresh into life, and gaily sings,  
Light as the wood-lark on the spray;  
That dreaded word may then be said,  
Sad as the anthem o'er the dead.

A word—that makes us sadly own  
That all our dearest joys are vain;  
Which bids us trace our steps alone,  
Upon the flinty path of pain;  
Which, uttered by the parting breath,  
When the soul feels the chill of death,  
And cannot glow with life again;  
Commands the tears of love to flow  
For what hath been its joy below.

A word—that breaks the fond caress  
Of youthful hearts in happy hours,  
Which makes the world a wilderness  
Devoid of verdure, sun, and flowers:  
The blighted leaves bestrew the ground,  
The fatal ivy wreathing round,  
O'ershades the broken bowers,  
Where once the rose and lily grew,  
And sparkled in the morning dew.

A word—that severs every tie,  
We fondly hope will last for aye—  
Which dims the light of beauty's eye,  
And chases all her smiles away:  
Which marks affliction on her brow,  
And wrings with pain her breast of snow.  
What word is this which all must say?  
Youth, manhood, age! ye all can tell!  
It is that fatal word—FAREWELL!  
FLORIO.

## JAPHET'S SOLILOQUY

AMID THE MOUNTAINS OF CAUCAS.

From No. II. of the Liberal, by Lord Byron.

Japh. Ye wilds, that look eternal; and thou cave,  
Which seem'st unfathomable; and ye mountains,  
So varied and so terrible in beauty;  
Here, in your rugged majesty of rocks  
And toppling trees that twine their roots with stone  
In perpendicular places, where the foot  
Of man would tremble, could he reach them—yes,  
Ye look eternal! Yet, in a few days,  
Perhaps, even hours, ye will be changed, rent, hurled  
Before the mass of waters; and yon cave,  
Which seems to lead into a lower world,  
Shall have its depths search'd by the sweeping wave,  
And dolphins gambol in the lion's den!  
And man—Oh, men! my fellow-beings! Who  
Shall weep above your universal grave,  
Save I! Who shall be left to weep? My kinsmen,  
Alas! what am I better than ye are.  
That I must live, beyond ye? Where shall be  
The pleasant places where I thought of Anah  
While I had hope! or the more savage haunts,  
Scarce less beloved, where I despair'd for her!  
And can it be!—Shall yon exulting peak,  
Whose glittering top is like a distant star,  
Lie low beneath the boiling of the deep?  
No more to have the morning sun break forth,  
And scatter back the mists in floating folds  
From its tremendous brow? no more to have  
Day's broad orb drop behind its head at even,  
Leaving it with a crown of many hues!  
No more to be the beacon of the world,  
For angels to alight on, as the spot  
Nearest the stars! And can those words "no more"  
Be meant for thee, for all things, save for us,  
And the predestined creeping things reserved  
By my sire to Jehovah's bidding? May  
He preserve them, and I not have the power  
To snatch the loveliest of earth's daughters from  
A doom which even some serpent, with his mate,  
Shall 'scape to save his kind to be prolong'd,  
To him and sting through some emerging world,  
Reeking and dank from out the slime, whose ooze  
Shall slumber o'er the wreck of this until  
The salt morass subside into a sphere;  
Beneath the sun, and be the monument,  
The sole and undisturb'd sepulchre,  
Of yet quick myriads of all life! How much  
Breath will be still'd at once! All beauteous world!  
So young, so mark'd out for destruction, I  
With a cleft heart look on thee day by day,  
And night by night, thy numbered days and nights.

## Epitaph.

On a Puritanical Locksmith.

A zealous Locksmith died of late,  
And did arrive at heaven's gate,  
He stood without and would not knock,  
Because he meant to pick the lock.

## ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preach'd to us all,  
Despise not the value of things that are small."

Answers to Puzzles in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Charm—barm—arm—ram—march—arch.  
Answer to Puzzle II. not received.

## NEW PUZZLES.

I.

REBUS BY DR. DARWIN.

Where pensive meditation loves to dwell;  
Where beauty's queen the golden prize obtain'd;  
The may-day wreath which decks the rural belle;  
What all have sought, but few, alas! have gained.

The four initials will compose my name,  
A name to no corporeal form assigned,  
Scorned by the gay, I court not empty fame,  
The gentle tell-tale of the joyless mind.

When the soul-piercing pangs of hopeless love,  
Or anxious doubts the tortur'd bosom seize,  
A sadly pleasing friend I often prove,  
And give to sorrow, momentary ease.

II.

Of what word of one syllable, can the following words  
be composed:—  
Hare ach ale are lace care chase case sale  
sh case seal ace hare!

## CHRONOLOGY.

The Christian Era.

- 726 Ina, King of the West Saxons, abdicated his crown, went to Rome, and made the Pope a present of an annual tribute, called Peter's Pence.
- 728 The defenders of the images made war on Leo; their leaders were defeated at sea.
- 730 The Saracens laid waste Provence by sea. Germaus, Patriarch of Constantinople, deposed by the Emperor, and Anastasius, an Iconoclast chosen in his stead. Leo was excommunicated by the Pope.
- 732 The Pope's lands in Sicily, confiscated by the Emperor.
- The Saracens from Spain were defeated with great slaughter, by Charles Martel, near Tours.
- 733 Pope Gregory, and other bishops of Italy petitioned the Emperor in vain, in favour of images. He continued to persecute all who defended them.
- 735 Eude, Duke of Aquitaine declared war against Charles Martel. On his death-bed he divided his territory between his two sons.
- Charles Martel attacked the younger, and obliged him to do homage for the duchy of Aquitaine.
- 737 Death of Thierry III. after bearing the name of King of France 17 years.
- Charles Martel governed under the title of Duke of the French. Defeated the Saxons, and drove the Saracens from Provence.
- 739 Death of Favila, who had succeeded his father as King of the Asturias. Alphonso I, son-in-law of Pelagius, succeeded.
- Luitprond, King of Lombardy, laid siege to Rome, and seized the duchy of Spoleto. The Pope implored the aid of Charles Martel.
- 740 Earthquake at Nice, Constantinople, and other cities, felt for several months.
- 741 Death of the Emperor Leo III. Constantine Copronymus, his son, succeeded.
- Death of Charles Martel. Carloman and Pepin, his sons, succeeded him.
- Birth of Charles, son of Pepin, afterwards called Charlemagne.
- 743 Rebellion against Constantine, who defeated Nicetas and his army, retook Constantinople, and abandoned it to pillage.
- Walid II. Caliph, killed for his wickedness. Death of Luitprond, King of Lombardy. Ratcha succeeded him.
- 745 The Saxons expelled from Thuringia by Carloman.
- 746 Civil war among the Saracens.
- An earthquake in Syria and Palestine, with great darkness, from August to October.
- A dreadful plague, which lasted three years, afflicted Calabria, Sicily, and Greece.
- 747 Carloman, leaving his dukedom to Pepin, his brother, embraced a monastic life.
- 749 Several cities of Syria overthrown by an earthquake. Some removed without injury.
- In Mesopotamia the earth opened and formed a gulf 2000 paces long.
- 750 Great revolution among the Saracens. The family of the Omniades stripped of the sovereignty, after holding it for 92 years. The Abbassides of Mahomet's family mounted the throne, put all the Omniades to death, except one, who reigned as Caliph in Andalusia.
- Aboulabba was acknowledged Caliph in the rest of their dominions.
- 751 Pepin consulted Pope Zacharias, whether he ought not to make the title of King, to the exclusion of Childers, the last of the Merovingian race, who was incapable of governing.
- 752 Pepin proclaimed King by an assembly of the States of France, and consecrated by St. Boniface, Archbishop of Mentz.
- Childeric, the last of the Merovingian line, was deposed and confined to a monastery.
- Astolphus, King of the Lombards, took possession of Ravenna, and put an end to the Exarchate, after it had lasted 184 years.
- 753 Rome besieged by the Lombards. The Pope applied to Pepin, who caused the siege to be raised.
- The Pope went to visit Pepin. Declared him and his son Charles Patricians of Rome.
- Abouiafar-Aimansor, Caliph of the Mahometans after his brother Aboulabbas, built Bagdad, and made it his capital.
- 755 Rome again besieged by the Lombards, and relieved by Pepin, who obliged Astolphus to restore several towns he had taken from the Pope.
- Martyrdom of St. Boniface, of Mentz, the apostle of Germany.
- 756 Death of Astolphus, King of the Lombards, by a fall from his horse.
- Revolution in Spain.
- The Saracens shook off their allegiance to the Great Caliph, and owned one of the Omniades Abduraman for their Caliph. His posterity reigned under the title of Kings of Cordova till 1038.

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